Heraclitus Ridens:

A T

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, September the 20th. 1681.

Jeſt. Singing. *Bills, bows, and Axes, quoth* Robin
But I have not time to tell (Hood
Yonders the Sheriff and his Compa-
But I hope all will be well. (ny.
Hei, down, derry, derry, down.

Earn. You are very pleaſant methinks, Mr. *Jeſt.*

Jeſt. Why Sir, as long lives a merry heart as a ſad, and a day longer; I hope I may ſing of old *Robin* without offending a Grand Jury, or being preſented for *diſ-uniting Proteſtants.*

Earn. I warrant you, your Friend *Heraclitus* thought ſo to; but you ſee ſome people may better ſteal a Gooſe than others touch a Feather; *Dick Implement*, *Nuncio Care*, the Mayor of *Goatham*, the Elephant, the Voxes, though larded with weekly Sedition, ſhall paſs for *white Boys*, and have never a word ſaid to them for Torying, Tantivying and Maſquerading his Majeſties moſt loyal and dutiful Subjects.

Jeſt. Oh Sir, kiſſing goes by Favour; there was not the leaſt Partiality, not ſo much as a ſmack of *Perjury*, *Fear*, *Favour or Affection* in the Caſe, but let that paſs; but pray, upon what Statute, or upon what Branch of the Common Law were the Obſervator, the Philoſopher, and the Loyal Proteſtant Intelligence preſented?

Earn. Upon Statute or Common Law! Why, do you think to be governed by Laws?

Jeſt. Yes, marry do I, for I hate Arbitrary Government, and they muſt ſhew me Law for what they do, or elſe I ſay, it is *Arbitrary*, *Illegal* and *Tyrannical*, ſo it is.

Earn. Come, they'l ſhew you *quadrageſimo primo & ſecundo* of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord the *Common-wealth*, and *quadrageſimo octavo* of the ſame; by which it is High Treaſon, Malignancy and Popery to laugh at the Godly, or to call a mans ſelf a *true loyal Proteſtant Intelligencer*; and to be an *Obſervator* is *Anglice* to be a Spy upon their words and actions, and give Intelligence to the Common Enemy, the Government, which you know is death by Martial Law.

Jeſt. What, muſt not a man laugh at them, ſay you?

Earn. No, not ſo much as in your ſleeve, if you do, you are a *diſ-uniter of Proteſtants*, and to't you go for old Ale and Cakes: your *true Proteſtant Juries* cannot endure to be laught at.

Jeſt. Hei day! this is Arbitrary Government with a Jury, inſtead of a Witneſs. What, not laugh? Why, ſome people will make one ready to die with laughing; for my part it is my Trade, I cannot live without it, and I hope I ſhall laugh when they are dead and Rotten. I hope they do not intend to diſcourage the induſtrious and Trading part of the City.

We'l laugh and we'l ſing
And be merry as Griggs;
We'l be true to the King
And a f——— for the Whiggs.

Earn. You may laugh or do what you pleaſe, provided that you have but a care of ſpeaking truth; you muſt ſay that the *true Proteſtant Diſſenters* are his Majeſties beſt, his moſt loyal, peaceable, obedient, innocent, quiet, patient Subjects; that they never hurt him or his *Father* in all their lives; that there was never a ſeditious word ſpoken by any of them in Conventicles or Coffee-houſes, nor any the leaſt truth in the ſtory of a Republican Plot. You muſt ſay, poor *Colledg!* ſuffered very innocently; and then you may laugh and do what you will, and never fear.

Jeſt. I thank 'em for that, as well as I love it, I'le never lye for the matter. Oh! is it there that the ſhoe pinches?

Earn. Yes, they are troubled with Corns, and if you tread upon their Toes, it goes to their Heart.

Jeſt. I am glad to hear their Hearts lie ſo near their Toes, they will be in their heels ere long, I doubt not. But now you talk of *Colledg*, pray what Religion was he of?

Earn. Why, becauſe he would do his Friend *Pacquetteer* all the right he could at his death, who affirms poſitively he was no *Presbyterian*, he affirms himſelf to be of the Church of *England*, *according to the beſt Reformation of the Church from all Idolatry and Superſtition*, that is, he was of the Church of *England* that never goes to Church, but would pull down the Eſtabliſhed Church as Idolatrous and Superſtitious.

Jeſt. Do not you obſerve how charitably he Arraigns not only all the Evidence againſt him, but the Judges and Jury too in his laſt Speech, where he tells the World he could have no Copy of the Indictment, nor no way poſſible to make any preparation to make his Defence as he might have done by Law; and that he had no liberty to

do

do any thing, and this he avers as a dying man.

Earn. His Tryal will prove that to be falſe, and that he had as much and perhaps more favour than ever any perſon in his Circumſtances had before.

Jeſt. Well! let the Tryal ſay what it will, and let his own Evidence contradict themſelves never ſo much in his Defence, yet he tells you like the Jeſuits, that he deſerved no more to die than the Child that ſucks at his Mothers breaſt.

Earn. Me thinks in one paſſage he ſeems to confeſs, almoſt as much as he was accuſed of; where he tells you *the Arms he and others had, were for their own defence, in caſe the Papiſts ſhould make any attempt by way of Maſſacre, Invaſion or Rebellion*; that *being a man of general Converſation, they uſed to ſay to one another when they met, in caſe they ſhould riſe; we were ready.*

Jeſt. Ay, we know who he meant by *Papiſts*, e'en the Loyal Epiſcopal Party, his Pictures of the Biſhops exchanging their Caps for Cardinals Hats, and the Biſhop with the patch on, kiſſing the Pope's Toe, ſhew plainly who he and his Party meant by *Papiſts*, I warrant you he has called all thoſe that are conformable to the Church of *England as by Law eſtabliſhed*, Church Papiſts and Proteſtants in Maſquerade a thouſand times; it was his and the Diſſenters conſtant Language, and one of the modeſteſt Reproaches they uſed to beſtow upon all ſuch as durſt appear in defence of the King and the Eſtabliſhed Government; ſo that it is a clear caſe againſt whom the Arms were provided and againſt whom they were ready.

Earn. Well! he ſets up for a Martyr, I dare aſſure you, I have heard him called ſo already.

Jeſt. Like Saints, like Religion, e'en much good may't do them with their new St. *Stephen*, for my part I like no Religion that makes Martyrs of Traytors, and Saints of Rebels; and ſo farewel *Stephen.*

Earn. Not ſo faſt neither, did not you obſerve that Dr. *Oats* told Sir *G. Jeffries*, *Mr. Serjeant, you ſhall hear of this in another place.*

Jeſt. Yes, it may be he meant at his Lodgings at *Whitehall*, or ſo.

Earn. I am none of his Interpreters, but I promiſe you they reckon to have t'other pull for it yet; and when it comes, they ſay it will come with a bang.

Jeſt. I reckon ſo too, and that they will feel it when it comes; ſuch a bang as their Rebellious Brethren of *Scotland* have met with; for moſt aſſuredly, this Nation ſhall never enjoy true Peace and quiet, till both the Faction of Papiſts and Fanaticks are brought down.

Earn. Ay marry Sir, but all the Craft is in the catching. Do not you remember the Elephant tells you, *we ſhall have a Parliament.*

Jeſt. Yes, and I hope we ſhall to his coſt, a Parliament that will ſee that the true Intereſt of the Nation, is by putting the good and wholſom Laws provided for the peace and ſecurity of the King, Church and Kingdom in execution, and making new ones, if occaſion be, to curb the inſolence of theſe People who under pretence of *tender Conſcience, Liberty and Property*, and I know not how many good morrows, have for this fourſcore years been the only diſturbers of the Peace and happineſs of the Nation.

Earn. Commend me to the Spliter of Cauſes of Newmarket, who would wager a hundred pounds we ſhould have a *Whig-Parliament.*

Jeſt. A mannerly Rogue I vow, and a great Reverencer of Parliaments. A *Whig-Parliament*! what's that he that Solicited and promoted the gathering of Contributions among the Party in preſence of getting the Penal Laws againſt Diſſenters Repealed?

Earn. The very ſelf-ſame Genteman; all his Neighbours know him, he has been a Stickler at Elections for four or five Counties, I proteſt I do not like the look of him, he is a kind of *College-Countenanc'd* Fellow, and has a great ſhare of the *Joyners* Trade in tagging ends of Sedition.

Jeſt. Well, and ſuppoſe we ſhould have a *Whig-Parliament*, as he calls it, what then?

Earn. Oh then, Wo be to all the *Loyal Addreſſers*, they muſt be *ſouc'd and douc'd in the powdering Tub of affliction* like the *Abhorrers.*

Jeſt. To ſee the madneſs of theſe People, and how they feed themſelves and their Party with Enthuſiaſtick Hopes; Why, and ſuppoſe the King will not ſuffer it? Suppoſe he will think fit to keep the Militia, Navy, Tower and the Staff of Prerogative in his own hands; ſuppoſe inſtead of repealing the Laws againſt Diſſenters, he cauſes them to be put in effectual Execution?

Earn. Why? truly then I ſuppoſe they are at their wits end; unleſs they hang themſelves by the way, or Rebel and be hang'd for their pains.

Jeſt. But ſuppoſe we ſhould have a Parliament of Loyal Addreſſers, how then?

Earn. Why, the Diſſenters Cake would be dough bak'd a little, as it is in *Scotland.*

Jeſt. Now in my Conſcience I believe it will come to that at laſt. The laſt Rebellion begun there, and ſo by contagion infected *England*, and why ſhould not the virtue of the Antidote have the ſame Effect?

Earn. Nay, I'le ſay that for our *Non-cons*, they are in as fair a way to undo themſelves, as they have been this forty years; they are undermining themſelves.

Jeſt. Say you me ſo, pray let me underſtand how.

Earn. They have but one impregnable Fort in their poſſeſſion, and that is called *Conſcience-Caſtle*, though others call it *Will-fool Fort.* Now do but obſerve how the Juries tug and pull to diſmantle the Fort; the *Ignoramus*'s ſprung their Mine under it and ſhatter'd it ſorely, and ſtill they relieve the Trenches and batter it continually, that in a little time you will not be able to find the place where the old Caſtle ſtood, nor ſo much as the name of *Conſcience.*

Jeſt. Nay, I'le ſay that for them, they are for Root and Branch where they ſet on't, they are ſpecial Levellers.

Earn. Well, let 'em go on, when once they ſhew the World they have no *Conſcience*, their buſineſs is done.

Jeſt. And that they are about as faſt as they can, and to ſpeed 'em, quoth I.

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